

# Western

# Reserve

# Chronicle

PUBLISHED BY  
HAGOOD & ADAMS,  
KING'S PLACE.

A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted

to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local

Intelligence, and the News of the Day.

TERMS:  
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS  
PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 40, NO. 9.

WARREN,

TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY

OCTOBER 17, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 2037.

## Poetry.

### NEW POEM BY FANNY FORRESTER.

I passed down life's dim by-roads,  
A wandering minstrel to seek,  
O'er the world's many a thoughtless spot,  
And with my wild song to seek  
And as I sang in doubt and dread  
An angel came to me.  
I knew him for a heavenly guide,  
I knew him for a heavenly guide,  
The melody as a child he told,  
Among the sons of men,  
By his deep spirit's revelations,  
I knew him for a heavenly guide.  
And as I looked upon his face  
Upon his perfect form,  
And saw the light that shone within  
From out his eyes of fire,  
I wondered if the shining ones  
Of Eden were not there.  
For there was light within his soul,  
Light on his perfect form,  
And all around the perfect light  
The shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden.  
So hand in hand, we trod the wild,  
My angel love and I,  
His light shone on my pathway,  
And the shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden.  
For when we trod the wild,  
The goal cannot be far,  
And ever, through the rifted clouds,  
Shine the shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden.  
For when we trod the wild,  
The goal cannot be far,  
And ever, through the rifted clouds,  
Shine the shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden,  
The shining ones of Eden.

## Choice Miscellany.

### INCIDENTS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

#### DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMALLE.

Forty-two persons were rescued from death at the abbey of St. Germain, but only six were saved at La Force. Among the latter prisoners was the poor little Princess De Lamalle. She was terribly hated, for she had long been called by the rabble, the "pry Counsellor of the Austrian woman." That she was her confidante, her devoted friend, there is no doubt; but her confidante—never. This beautiful daughter of Savoy, with her delicate features and continual smile, was capable of loving devotedly, and she proved it; but to play the part of counsellor to a virile woman, an obstinate, domineering woman, we repeat, it was impossible. The Queen, Maria Antoinette, loved her, as she had loved other devoted hearts; but, like the rest, she was deceived; and, in all her feelings, she had probably caused her much suffering. Notwithstanding all, the friend remained faithful, and, with many more, died for the Queen she loved. She was in England, August 1st, and, remaining there, might have preserved a long and happy life; but the gentle and devoted creature, knowing that the Tulleries were menaced, returned to France, to demand her place near the Queen. Conducted on the 10th of August, with her mistress, to the Temple, she was almost immediately afterwards transferred to the prison of La Force. There she saw that the burden was beyond her strength to bear; she wished to die by the side of her Queen, and with her Queen, if necessary. Beneath her eyes, death would have appeared sweet; but far from her mistress, she felt she no longer had the strength to die; her soul was no longer of iron mould. She became ill with terror. This delicate creature was not ignorant of the hatred excited against her. Shut up in one of the highest chambers of her prison with Madame de Navarre, she saw Madame de Turzi depart on the night of the 22d of Sept. It seemed to tell her—you remain to die.

Thus, lying on her bed, buried in the clothes, at each gust of shrieks which reached her ears, like a frightened child she cried to each restoration, "I thought I was dead. Oh, that one could die in such a swoon; it is neither difficult nor painful!"

Murder reigned supreme in the courtyard, at the gates, and in the lower chambers. Struck were waited for her on gales; the odor of vaporized blood ascended to her in sickening clouds. At 8 o'clock her door was opened. Her ter-

ror was so great that she did not faint, nor did she even conceal herself beneath the bed clothes, and turning she beheld two National Guards. "Come, arise, Madame," said one of them brutally to the Princess, "you must go to the abbey!"

"Oh, Messieurs," said she, "I cannot leave my bed; I am so weak as to be unable to walk," and then she added in an almost inaudible voice, "if it is to kill me, as it can well be done here as elsewhere."

Whilst one watched the door, the other Guard, bending over her, whispered in her ear, "Arise, Madame, and obey; we wish to save you."

"If such is the case," replied the prisoner, "retire, and allow me to dress myself."

The Guards retired, and Mme. de Navarre aided, or rather dressed her. When ready, and the Guards re-entered, the Princess, taking and leaning upon the arm of him who addressed her, descended the fatal staircase. Arriving at the wicket she found herself suddenly before the tribunal of blood, over which Herbert presided. At the sight of these men, with their ensanguined hands, who thus had constituted themselves butchers, she fainted again. Three interrogated, as often did she swoon away, without response. "But, Madame," whispered the Guard who had already spoken, "but when you are told that we wish to save you."

This promise gave her a slight renewal of strength. "What do you ask of me, Messieurs?" she demanded.

"Who are you?" asked Herbert.

"Marie Louise, Princess of Savoy."

"Your quality?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Were you cognizant of the plots of the Court on the 10th of August?"

"I do not know that there were any plots on the 10th of August; but if there were, I was completely ignorant of them."

"Swear Liberty, Equality, hatred to the King, the Queen, and to Royalty."

"Willingly will I swear the two first, but the last I cannot do, as it is against my heart."

"Swear then," whispered the guard, "or you are dead!"

The Princess stretched out her hands, and, staggering, made an ineffective step towards the fatal gate.

"But swear then," insisted her protector.

Then, as if fearful the terror of death might cause her to pronounce a shameful oath, she placed her hands over her mouth, as if to compress the words which might escape from her agony. Some groans were heard to escape between her fingers.

"She has sworn," said the National Guard, and then whispering to the unfortunate, "go through the gate which is before you, and in passing, cry out, 'long live the nation, and you are saved!'"

On escaping, she found herself in the arms of a man, who was awaiting her. This murderer was the giant Nicholas, who had cut off the heads of the two guards at Versailles; but on this occasion he had sworn to save the Princess. He dragged her towards a shapeless, quivering, bleeding mass, whispering, "very loud, long live the nation!"

Without doubt, she was about to comply, when by misfortune, her eyes were opened. She found herself facing a mountain of corpses, upon which a man trampled with his iron-shod shoes, causing the blood to spurt up beneath his tread, as does the grape under the heels of the wine maker! She beheld the hideous sight, and turning convulsively aside, could not repress a cry of horror!

Even that was stifled by her protector, for 100,000 francs had been paid by her father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre, to save her life.

Thence she was pushed into that narrow passage which leads from the street of St. Antoine to the prison, where a wretch, a hair dresser named Charlot, who was just enrolled as a drummer in the volunteers, broke through the living wall around her and struck off her cap with his pike. It was unknown whether he intended to remove her cap, or intended to strike her face. The blood flowed. Blood ceased to flow.

A man threw a billet of wood at the Princess and struck the back of her head; staggering, she fell upon a knee. It was, then, impossible to save her. On all sides, the darts and sabres and outstretched pikes reached her. She did not even moan; she may, indeed, have been considered dead since her last words in the prison, so mute had she become. She had hardly expired, perhaps was still living, when the rabble fell upon her, and in an instant, her clothing was torn off, and palpitating in the last quiverings of mortal agony, was she stripped.

A most hideous thought presided at death, and hastened this desecration; the

rabble wished to see that wondrous form, which the woman of Lebos would have worshipped. Thus was she exposed to the eyes of all—as she came into this world was she stretched upon a curbstone.

Four men installed themselves before this hideous bier, washing and staunching the blood from her seven wounds; a fifth, with the ramrod of his gun, pointed out the beauties, which he said, gave rise to her former favor, and which, on that day, were the undoubted causes of her death. Thus she remained exposed from 8 o'clock till noon. At length, the orator became wearied with his scandalous lecture, made on the corpse. A man approached and hacked off her head. Alas, the neck, long and flexible as that of a swan, offered little resistance. He who committed this crime more hideous on a corpse than on a living being, was called Grison. History is the most inexcusable of divinites; she plucks a quill from her wing and dipping it in blood, she writes a name, and that name is given to the execration of posterity. This man was shortly afterwards guillotined, as the head of a band of robbers. A second wretch, named Rode, opened her breast and tore out the heart, and the third named Manim, tore away another portion of the corpse. It was on account of her love for the Queen, that she was so mutilated the poor body. How intense, then, must have been the popular hatred to her Queen!

These dripping trophies were placed on pikes and the rabble marched towards the Temple. An immense crowd followed the three hideous assassins; but, with the exceptions of a few children and some intoxicated men, overpowered with wine and the bitterness of abuse, the whole procession maintained a fearful silence. A hair-dresser's shop was passed on their way; the assassins stopped and entered. "Dress that head for us," they cried, "it is going to pay a visit to its mistress at the Temple!" The trembling hair-dresser curled and perfumed the magnificent locks of the unfortunate Princess, and the rabble resumed its route towards the Temple with great outcries.

## A LOVE LETTER.

The following letter was written by a British officer during the Revolution to an American lady:

"Do I love thee? Oh, dearest, the beam of thine eye is the light of my life. I worship thee. Thy smile is the joy of my existence—thy voice the music of my soul. When thy hand lies in mine, and thy breath is upon my cheek, every nerve vibrates with ecstasy, and the deep pulsation of thy bosom thrills mine with a responsive devotion that absorbs my whole being."

"I would have thee as pure as an angel that I might embrace thy image in my heart and bow before it as the idol of all my joy and hope; while, by enduring and full affection should elevate and sanctify my adoration until it transcended human sentiment, and partook of the holy love symbolized in the flowers of paradise at the dawn of creation."

"This, the world will call frenzy, hallucination—let the world call it what it may—it is a spell I would not have broken for all else the world can give."

"Then love me dear, with all thy strength with all thy truth, with all thy constancy, forever more—in pleasure and in sadness—and when the earth is closed over me, let thy love pierce the cold turf and unite with a spirit that lingers to join mine in its flight to realms of eternal bliss."

## A LITTLE TOO RIPE.

As many of our readers are doubtless aware, it is the custom for planters at the south to purchase clothing for their slaves by the wholesale; and as, of course, they have not the opportunity to examine closely each article, they are sometimes swindled, by a few bad ones being thrown in among the good.

An acquaintance of ours tells us that, on one occasion, he had laid out a box of shoes, and distributed them among the negroes. A few days afterward, "old Bob," a favorite servant, found that the shoes had fallen to his lot were bursting out. So, going to his master he said—

"Massa, what you buy dose shoes?"

"I bought them in New Orleans, Bob," responded our friend.

"Well, whar did de New Orleans people buy 'em?"

"They bought them from the people up north—they bought them from the Yankees."

"Well, whar do de Yankees get 'em?" persisted the negro.

"The Yankees—why, they pick them off de trees Bob."

"W-w-well," responded the darkey, holding up his shoes, "I reck'n de Yankees didn't pick dose pair soon enough, massa; I reck'n de wail'd till—till—till dey was a little too ripe."

## CHINA.

### EXECUTION OF REBELS AT CANTON.

In our remarks on the retirement of the rebels at Szechow, it is stated that the thousands of men brought to Canton as prisoners are now being decapitated at the rate of a hundred and fifty a day.

That was the number, we are told, executed on Saturday last, a spectacle to which we were a witness. The Canton execution ground has before been described in this journal, and for all our readers it is not necessary to repeat that it is situated about 100 yards from the river, at a distance of two miles or so below the factories. The ground is oblong, about 150 feet in length, the entrance on the side nearest the river being about sixty feet. This is closed with bars during practical operations. At the grand entrance the ground is about 20 feet wide. On the right hand, doorways open on to several ovens and tile manufactories.

As we approached the execution ground many wretches met with hands to their nostrils, or their tails tied round their faces, for the purpose of avoiding the horrid stench, which could literally be "felt" at a considerable distance. The ground was covered with partially dried gore, the result of the past day's work. There are no drains to take the blood away, nor is any substance used to slake it. One man was found digging holes for two crosses, on which, he said, four men were to be tied and cut in pieces.

The execution had been fixed for noon. At 11½ a dozen men arrived with the knives, preceded by heavers of rough wood boxes, decorated with bloody discs. These were the coffins. Unconcerned was the general appearance of the soldiers and spectators, of whom, altogether, there may have been one hundred and fifty. The day was dull, a fresh breeze from the eastward carrying the stench away from the foreigners, who, to the number of a dozen, had obtained admittance to the top of one of the houses on the far side of the street passing the entrance of this "field of blood."

At 12 the first batch of ten prisoners arrived, speedily followed by the rest in similar quantities. Each prisoner (having his hands tied behind his back, and labeled on the tail) appeared to have been thrust down in a wicker basket, over which his chained legs dangled loosely, the body riding uncomfortably, and marked with a long paper tally, pasted on a slip of bamboo thrust between the prisoner's jacket and his back. These "man baskets," slung with cords were carried on bamboo poles carried on the shoulders of two men. As the prisoners arrived, each was made to kneel with his face to the south. In a space of about 20 feet by 12 we counted as many as 70, ranging in half a dozen rows. At 5 minutes to twelve a white-bellied mandarin arrived, and the two to be first cut in pieces were tied to the crosses. While looking at this frightful procession the execution commenced, and 20 or 30 men have been headless before we were aware of it. The only sound to be heard was a horrid cheep—cheep—cheep, as the knives fell. One blow was sufficient for each—the head tumbling before the legs of the victim before it. As the sword falls, the blood-gushing trunk springs forward, falls on the breast, and is still for ever.

In four minutes the decapitation was complete; and then on the other victims commenced the barbarity which to think of only is sufficiently barbaric. With a short sharp knife a slice was cut from under each arm. A low suppressed fearful groan from each followed the operation of the weapon. Dextrous as butchers, a slice was taken successively by the operators from the calves, the thighs and from each breast. We may suppose, we may hope, that by this time the sufferers were insensible to pain; but they were not dead. The knife was then stuck into the abdomen, which was ripped up to the breast-bone, and the blade twisted round and round as the heart was separated from its holding. Up to this moment, having once set eyes on the victim under torture, they had become fixed as by fascination; but they could not be riveted longer. A whirling sensation ran through the brain, and it was with difficulty we could keep our selves from falling. But this was not all; the lashings were then cut, and the head, being tied by the tail to a limb of the cross, was served from the body, which was then dismembered of hands and arms, feet and legs, separately. After this the mandarins left the ground, to return, however, with a man and woman; the latter said to be the wife of one of the rebel chiefs—the man a leader of some rank. The woman was cut up in the way we have described; for the man a more horrible punishment was decreed. He was flayed alive. We did not see this, but it was witnessed by the

Sergeant of Marines of the United States, J. P. Kennedy—the cry at the first insertion of the knife across the forehead, and the pulling of the flesh over the eyes, being most horrible.

## GENERAL MORGAN.

Among the incidents connected with the closing years of this rule but patriotic soldier, the following, originally published in the Winchester Republican of 1844, may be regarded as evincing in the narrator a singular combination of frankness, simplicity, and pathos:

"The 'thunderbolt of war,' this 'brave Morgan' who never knew fear," was in camp often wicked and profane, but never a disbeliever in religion. He testified himself in the Presbyterian church in this place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Hill, who preached in this house some forty years, and may now be heard occasionally on London street. His last days were passed in this town; and while sinking to his grave he related to his minister the experience of his soul. "People thought," said he, "that Daniel Morgan never prayed; people did not know." He then proceeded in his blunt manner, among many other things, that the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm, with his men paraded, for the word to advance, he felt unhappy; the enterprise appeared more than perilous; it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such an amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside and knelt by the side of a munition of war, and then most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence, for nothing less than Almighty arm could protect him. He continued on his knees till the word passed along the lines. He fully believed that his safety during that night of peril was from the interposition of God.

"Again he said about the battle of the Cowpens, which covered him with so much glory as a leader and a soldier, he had felt afraid to fight Tarleton with his numerous army, flushed with success, and that he retreated as long as he could, till his men complained—and he could go no further. Drawing up his army in three lines on the hill-side; contemplating the scene—in the distance the glitter of the advancing enemy—he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear, he knelt in an old tree, and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself and for his country. With relieved spirits he returned to his lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed the deadly aim of his lines decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled. 'Ah,' said he, 'people said Old Morgan never feared; they thought Old Morgan was often miserably afraid.' And if it had not been in the circumstances of the amazing responsibility in which he was placed, how could he have been brave?"

"The last of his riflemen are gone; the brave and hardy gallants of this valley that waded to Canada and stormed Quebec are all gone—gone, too, are Morgan's sharpshooters of Saratoga. For a long time two that shared his captivity in Canada were in this village, wasting away to shadows of their youth, celebrating with enthusiasm the night of their battle, as the year rolled round—Peter Lusk and John Schultz. But they have answered the roll-call of death, and have joined their leader; the hardy Lusk wondering that Schultz, the feeblest of the band, whom he had so often assisted through the snows of Canada, should outlive him. There is interest round the last of such a corps."

## KNOW HIS BOOTS.

When boots of the present form first came in fashion, they were regarded as a great ornament, being worn outside the pants, and none but the wealthy and foppish could afford to wear them. In a certain town, for a while, old Mr. Dalaby was the only person who enjoyed this luxury. He had a son who "took a shine" to the daughter of a major who lived in another part of the town. So the son, getting himself in his Sunday best, and putting on his father's boots started for the major's smiling within himself to think what a favorable impression his boots would make upon the affections of the daughter. After he had arrived, and was comfortably seated at the fire, in came the major, who after surveying the youngster from head to foot, said—

"This is Mr. Dalaby's son isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply of the lad.

"Well," said the major, "I thought I knew his boots!"

## MR. SPARROWGRASS.

### DESCENDS TO THE INTERNAL REGIONS IN A DUMB WAITER.

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of its teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors defended. In consequence you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below, and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a Democratic ratification meeting in the cellar and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass bought a rattle, such as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who upon the signal is come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of tea-water would be palatable. So I took a candle and the pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen is more convenient; but a well is most certainly picturesque. Unfortunately, our well has not been sweet since the well was cleaned out. First, I had to open a bolted door, that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up in the dining room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there. The novelty of the idea made me smile. I took out two of the moveable shelves, placed the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor, below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen, at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above zero point. The truth is, I had not calculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door—it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at any body, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible—it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the Prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted till I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me at the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs unite with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that she had sprung the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not till he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, got in to the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then he wanted me to explain it! But

what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail bird. He knows it all, however—somebody has told him—somebody tells everybody in our village.—Putnam's Monthly.

## WONDERFUL JUGGLING.

We extract the following from an article in the *Crayon*, descriptive of travels in British India. The scene of the occurrence is laid in Madras:

"But the most wonderful performance we saw this morning, was a feat of pure juggling, of which I have never been able to find a solution. One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard trod avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great net bag, made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker basket, that narrowed towards the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow opening. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which from the small size she was necessarily in the most cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cotton cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite untied, and disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw aside the covering and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were for this, and knowing it was only a deception, it was not impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through the basket, while the other juggler looked on, apparently with as much interest as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective.

Stopping after he had rattled the basket, he again scattered dust upon the top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty and then threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet.

Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of the party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who has seen it ever gave me a clue to the manner in which it was performed.

## A SHREWD PARSON.

Many doubtless remember the style which prevailed among Indian sages since, of gathering their hair together and piling it in a stationary mound on the upper portion of the head by the aid of sundry little steel instruments, unknown to all dejected and miserable bachelors—that is to say, known only by common report. While this fashion was in vogue, an Orthodox clergyman of a certain village, regarding it as an abomination, was determined to use his influence against and preach it down.

Accordingly one Sabbath morning, he mounted the pulpit and gave his text—"Top knot, come down!" There was a good deal of staring and bobbing of top knots, and in short the congregation were much "exercised" because the worthy pastor had preached from a text not to be found in the Scriptures.

On Tuesday they called him up before a convention of sages, for the purpose of making a formal charge against him from his cure. The charge was made, and he was asked if he had ought to say in reply. He mildly remarked that the text was to be found in his Bible, but that any Bible would do, that if they would hand him one, he would point out the locale and read it to them. A Bible was given him, and he turned slowly to the place, and read: "And let the man who is upon the house—*top knot come down!*" A vote of adjournment was immediately passed.

The world is more apt to reward appearance than deserts.

## MARRYING IN HASTE.

Surely, among no people but the French could the following incident have occurred. Mademoiselle D—, a very pretty young lady, was on the point of leaving Paris, where she had been passing the winter, to return to her family at G—.

The horses were already harnessed to the diligence, and the driver was calling over the list of passengers. But just as she entered the vehicle, while she was standing on the step-ladder alongside, Mademoiselle felt herself suddenly seized by the arm.

"Turn back, Mademoiselle, turn back, hastily around to see who it was that took such liberty, she discovered in the aggressor a gentleman of a certain age, of a prepossessing countenance and good figure, very well dressed withal, but a perfect stranger to her. The gentleman begged her most urgently to be good enough to delay her departure for a moment, and favor him with a short interview.

"Sir," said the lady, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you; what object can you have in an interview?" Saying, which, she descended the steps and stood by his side.

"We shall soon become better acquainted, Mademoiselle," eagerly replied the stranger; "but do not interrupt me, I see plainly that your time is short, that the driver is growing impatient, and that your fellow travellers do not know what to make of me; but a single word will explain everything. I love you, and I cannot exist without you. Will you marry me?" I lay my hand and fortune at your feet.

"But, Monsieur, I do not know you; you do not know me, what does all this mean?"

"I did not know you an hour ago, it is true. I have just seen you for the first time, but love has come upon me like the lightning's flash. In mercy, decide my fate, whether for life or death, will you be my wife?"

"Really, Monsieur, I am at a loss what answer to make to such a request, under such circumstances."

"O, decide at once. Believe me, if you will marry me, you will be as happy as the day is long. I am rich too. I have but two children of my first marriage; my daughter, who has entered a convent, and my son who is a curate. I am yet young, and to be alone in the world, is too hard a lot for me to bear; it depends upon yourself whether you will marry me and take the place of the children whom God has taken from me for his own service."

Mademoiselle D—did not leave Paris that day. Inquiries were made on both sides, the results of which were perfectly satisfactory, and the marriage will take place in a few days. Let us hope they will never realize the latter part of the old proverb, which says—"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

## WOMEN SHOULD SHUN MEN OF BAD CHARACTER.

Did woman see the responsibility of the station she holds in society—did she feel how much she is the abtress of men's destinies on earth, nay, even beyond it, how different would she act! Instead of dispensing her smiles equally among men, she would show by her discomposure of voice, how hateful it was to her; no matter how talented a man was, how graceful in his manners, or pleasing in his person, unless virtue was the guiding star of his conduct, she should banish him from her presence, as a being unworthy of breathing the same air with her; she would shrink from his society as she would from a noxious reptile. Is such the case? No! No matter what a man's vices, if he is handsome, brilliant in conversation, and versed in the arts of flattery, all smiles and attentions are lavished upon him, that ought to be bestowed only on the virtuous; while the man who is endowed with every good quality that can render him estimable, if he is wanting in the showy requirements of society, is treated with the utmost indifference; thus give rise to the too generally received opinion, that the worse man is, the more agreeable he is to the women. Can it be wondered at, to meet her society, win her affections by a thousand aimless attentions, and slight them when won, is the pastime of an hour to those honeyed flatteries, those destroyers of women's happiness, who like a gilded serpent, expiates but to annihilate. Were they regarded as the pests of society, instead of being treated as its ornaments, the race would disappear.—*Emerson.*

As irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the error of his way. During the chastisement, the master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering: "You know best, sir; I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

Foots laugh at their own folly.